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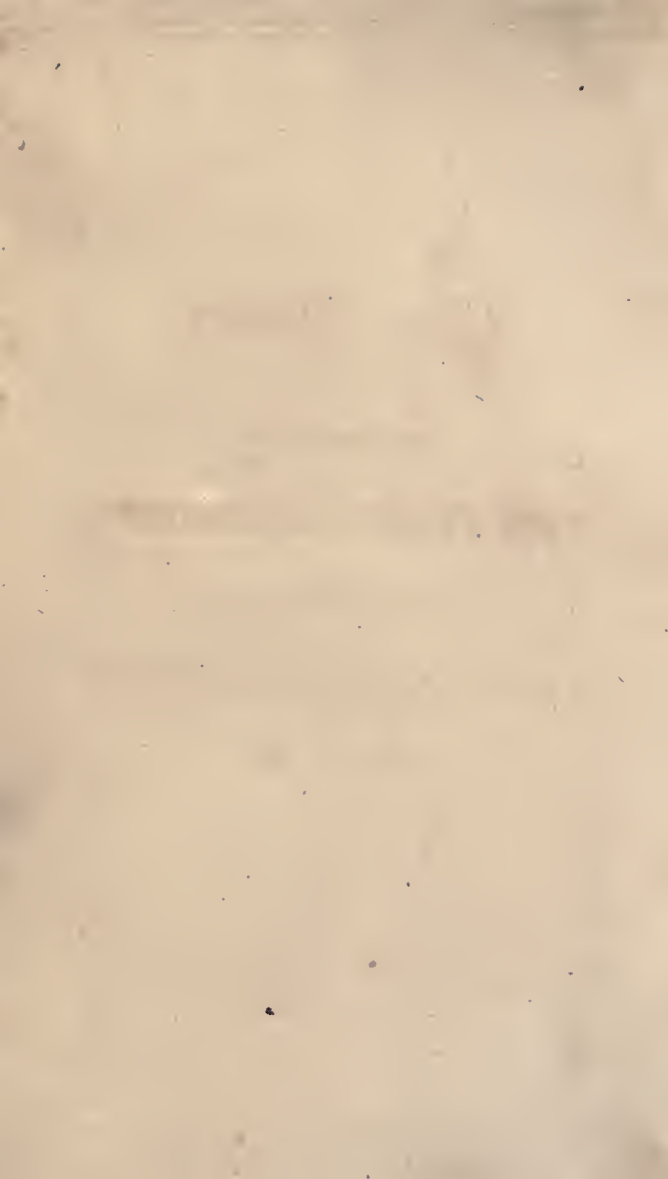
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War Flowers,

REMINISCENCES OF

FOUR YEARS' CAMPAIGNING.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE

LADIES OF NEW ORLEANS,

By F. B.

war; many of them having been scribbled on the limber chest of a 12-pound Napoleon; many in the trenches—others, more fortunate, had the honor of taking a position in a lady's album, and perhaps have elicited a smile or a thought (precious gems, alas, fugitive as all sublunary happiness!) from some virginal soul.

The author does not publish for the purpose of making himself immortal—he knows better. He knows what his poems are worth, and gives them to his friends as such; to revive pleasant reminiscences and old associations, many of them asked him to publish this work. He hesitated, reflected, and confident that it could do no harm, and that some kind and tried friends would be pleased, he took this step without timidity or shame, notwithstanding all the dangers attendant upon a tramp into the heights of Parnassus, where critics (those birds of prey who feed upon the carcasses of feeble writers) are most ferocious as they are hungriest, and are hungry and cruel in reverse ratio to the square of their brains.

As will be seen, each poem is dated from its birth-place, and appreciation must be made of time and place. What could be said then, it might not be expedient to utter now.

The author takes this occasion also to thank the kind friends that have helped him in this undertaking, wishing them all the happiness that a poet can dream, or that lovers aspire to—(which is the greatest?)

WAR FLOWERS.

DOUBT,

A POEM.

'Twas night—I dreamt—but not the empty dreams
That smooth the brow in the ambrosial sleep
Of balmy innocence, vain counterfeits
Of shadows unrevealed to the awakening eye,—
Awake I dreamt, and in my dream methought
That on the edge I stood of th' awful deep,
The tempest's home, uproar's wild domicil,
Where ever raged the billow's foaming crests
Like snow-capped mounts and howled the wintry blasts
In never ceasing might—still unappeased!

There lightning spread its robe of lurid light
And thunder groaned in night's dark womb,
And on the breast of day, if such be day
Whose unavailing light no comfort brings,
No sun with genial rays to warm the soul,
But whose dim twilight to the eye presents
A novel scene, though oftentimes beheld,
Of fearful sights and things of evil bode!

And that it brings the happy truths
And placid joys along ;
Those who have spoken thus knew not
The tyrant's many wiles,
With what fond hopes it lulls the heart,
With what deceit beguiles !
Ah ! trust them not and keep your souls
From logic's shackles free,
For reason is not on the earth
What reason ought to be !

Have Faith ; believe that high Jehovah
Rules the tempest wild,
And smooths the heaven's angry brow
With breath of angels mild,
With awe and trembling hear the voice
Of rumbling thunder near,
For 'tis th' avenging anger of a God
That strikes the ear,
But read thou not within the page
Of scientific lore
That thunder is a thing of naught
Born in the clouds, a roar
Of mortals' slave, a fluid thrall,
A bright and harmless glare
That rushes for its equipoise
Across resisting air !

Behold the rainbow's many colored
Garments in the skies ;
Believe it an archangel's robe
Dipped in the heavenly dyes,
But learn thou not in useless books
That all the fairy hues
That teach the poet how to sing,
The dreamer how to muse,
Are nothing but the phantom sight,
And combination vain
Of sunny rays that meet and color
Falling drops of rain !

Oh, live for love, that precious scented
Flower of the soul !
For Faith with holy finger
Pointing to the heavenly goal ;
For Hope, the white and rosy winged
Messenger of bliss ;
For sun and light, for stars and dews
And virtue's loveliness !
Beneath the firm embrace of friendship
Let your bosom heave ;
Oh ! never doubt, but let your mind,
Though stricken, still believe,—
Give nurture to the healthful thoughts
Of radiating glory ;
Love the green trees, the singing birds,

The rocks sublime and hoary,
And giving o'er your kindly souls
To sweet credulity ;
Keep on your child-like eyes the fold
Of blind simplicity !

Like unto yours my youthful mind
Believed in earth's great names,
And drank deceitful drafts of hope
And fed ambitious aims ;
But on an angry night the specter
Doubt, with cruel force,
Wide oped the gate that shut my heart
And blew his breathings hoarse,
Then like the yellow leaves that fall
Before the northern breath,
My dear illusions fell, my soul
Was tenantless as death !

My mind is dark e'en as the bosom
Of a stormy sea,
My soul has shrieked upon the winds
Its cry of agony,
And waves of anguish dash together
In my frenzied brain,
For Doubt with traitorous stroke hath cleft
My bleeding heart in twain !

Oh, God, who rideth on the wings
Of whirlwinds in the night,
Whose voice speaks in the thunder cloud—
Great king of Infinite!
Have pity—send thy thunderbolt
Within my soul benighted;
Illumine it with the light of Faith,
Restore my hopes all blighted;
And even if in crushing down my doubts
Your lightning blest
Restore to former nothingness and dust
My aching breast,
If that alone may from this hell
Obtain my soul's release—
Oh strike, Jehovah, and with death
Send your eternal peace!

* * * * *

Thus spoke the voice, fresh 'twas and musical,
And as the wailing sounds struck on my ear
That told it to my soul, my heart within me broke,
To think that such enormous misery
Could find a place within one human heart—
And my soul wondered how a thing of naught,
Void of all substance, incorporeal,
A doubt, which is not even a denial
Of some great truth, could carry with it
Pains of such extent.

Then in my dream

A voice unearthly spoke and said :

“ Oh man,

“ ’Tis not *reality* pales the suffering brow,

“ Or sinks the cheek, or dims the eye,

“ So much as vision—and ’tis not the stroke of Fate

“ That cleaves the heart—It is our very soul

“ That suicidal turns against itself

“ The cruel sword of headlong destiny

“ By mad reflection. Doubt is but its offspring—

“ A bastard child, who, maddened by the stain

“ That blots its birth, unnatural and cold,

“ When once admitted to an humble share

“ Of Mind’s inheritance, aspires to the whole—

“ And, aided by the wiles of sophistry,

“ Poisons the soul with reason’s drugged wine—

“ A dangerous beverage—till the frenzied soul,

“ Abused and drunk with mortal prejudice,

“ Drives weeping Faith, with cruel mockery,

“ From out the unwilling portals of the heart!

“ And then there naught remains but chaos in the mind,

“ And contradictions, like opposing winds,

“ ’Twixt right and wrong buffet the weary soul,

“ Whose only refuge then lies in the grave!”

* * * * *

All was again as black and still as Night!

SONG OF THE C. R.'S OF M.

AIR—"Villikins and his Dinah."

Our motto is fun, and though dark be the hour
His heart is a craven's who lets it go sour ;
We're a laughing and devilish set of good fellows,
And we dance in the tempest like storm-drunken billows!

Let the statesman be dull and the tradesman be staid
Who know not the pleasures of fight and parade ;
But the fearless and dauntless are thoughtless and gay,
And the clowns of the night are the braves of the day

God smiles at the pranks of our well meaning youth,
For a laugh is a thanksgiving flowing with truth—
If life is a farce, let us joke from the start,
And the louder the laugh the more honest the heart!

When Noah, the first of the C. R.'s of M,
Came forth from the ark with a cough and a hem,
God pitied the fellow and sent him the vine,
Which gives drinking an origin surely divine!

Then let us be merry as long as we can,
The wisest of men say that life is a span,
If indeed 'tis so short, let's enjoy every hour,
The sweetest of scent is the shortest lived flower!

Genius is naught but excitement refined,—
A good joke is worth all the poets combined—
'Tis the flash of the spirit, the light of the soul
That sparkles like generous wine in the bowl!

Then give me broad, grinning and jocular faces,
And the man who will laugh in all possible cases;
Such a one would I trust with my money, my life,
And had I the fortune to have one, my wife!

Then here's to the merry, the thoughtless and gay,
Who can sing like the birds and look bright as the day,
And here's to the girls, may their eyes never fade,
Till the last torch is burnt out of life's masquerade!

Chorus—Sing fol de rol, fol de rol day.

WILLIAMSBURG, Va., March 4th, 1862.

THE BROKEN BENCH.*

A BALLAD.

It stood upon the bridge of sighs,
A wooden bench of common size,
But full of grace,
For lovers who revere the moon,
And always part, alas! too soon,
A trysting place.

How beautiful it was at night,
Silvered by Cynthia's bleaching light,
To see two lovers
Plighting their faith in secret bliss,
And hear, perchance, a fleeting kiss
Escape these rovers!

There sparkled many a gay flirtation,
At sixty paces from the station,
'Twixt love and glory.

There vows were made that ne'er were cashed.
As 'fore th' admiring maidens " flashed
The red artillery!"

*This bench was romantically situated on a bridge over the Tangipaho, at Chattawa, Mississippi, on the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad, where the author spent some very pleasant days while recovering from a wound received in Virginia. Many of his friends, more fortunate, [?] were wounded there, but in the heart, and never recovered, having been imprudent enough to apply for a cure to Dr. Hymen, who made a chronic disease of the sweet sufferings of these rash ones.

But ah! alas for human bliss,
There's always something goes amiss—

The bench was broke!
Artillerists cried and maidens wept,
And mutual happiness was swept
By the sad stroke!

High jumped the squirrels at the sound
At "squirrel point," then gazed around,
And looked so grave!
Then madly dived th' astonished *cooters*,*
Like flying youths from angry tutors,
Beneath the wave!

Then sighed the breeze in "lover's lane"
Nor did the weeping clouds refrain
In tears to flow;
Then groaned in anguish your bright waters,
Mourned for the grief of your sweet daughters,
Tangipaho!

And now no more the conscript gasses,
Nor stares upon the train that passes,
Nor cries hurrah!
The bench is broke, thy conscripts gone.
Th' artillerists too and thou art lone,
Oh Chattawa!

CHATTAWA, August, 1862.

**Cooters*—a fancy name for Tangipaho turtles, derived from the natives.

IN AN ALBUM.

It is pleasant to meet with a sunshiny beam
In the days of ungentle December—
In the darkness of night it is pleasant to dream
Of things that we love to remember.

You have shone like a ray beaming beauteous and bright
O'er the stream where my happiness anchored,
And unlike the great Roman who reveled in fight,
I have come, I have seen, *you* have conquered!

But what boots it? I go and will pass like the wind
That sighs near a fair lady's bower ;
More happy these lives, they will rest in your mind,
A bud of remembrance's flower!

BATON ROUGE, September 16, 1862.

THE "BOUQUET DE BAL."

A BALLAD, DEDICATED TO MISS J*****.

She stepped within the lighted hall,
And dimmed the lesser beauties all,
That filled the place.
So dazzling was her youthful mien,
That all at once did vote her queen
Of love and grace!

Her smiles like beams from heaven fell—
She looked so sweet, that ball room belle,
 And so vivacious,
One would have thought she was a fairy,
Her form appeared so light and airy,
 Her air so gracious!

Her hair entranced th' admiring crowds,
Her eyes were dark as thunder clouds
 That flash forth fire ;
And he who says she did not dance
Like Fanny Ellsler, with my lance
 I'll prove a liar!

In her soft grasp of alabaster
The envious eyes of belles that past her
 Saw a boquet,
Where fairest flowers each did vie,
Which should enchant th' admiring eye
 Of gallants gay.

Soon every soldier in the hall
Went to this beauty of the ball
 To run his chance,
This for a word, that for a smile,
Or look that would a saint beguile,
 That for a dance.

One there was, prone to contemplation,
Who, losing time in admiration
 Of this great wonder,
(For he had lost his manly heart,)
Came somewhat late to get his part
 Of general plunder.

He was a youth whom none remarked—
On his poor ship there had embarked
 Nor fame nor power ;
His hopes and joys all being blasted,
He lived to think that no bliss lasted
 More than an hour.

Once he had loved and was forsaken,
His dreams were all one by one taken
 From him away ;
He lived with those who did not know him,
And did not think the year could show him
 One happy day !

Yet he could dance, and even sing,
And he could make a table ring
 With merry laugh,
But in his soul was such a whim,
That all those pleasures were to him
 As so much chaff.

Enthusiastic in his youth,
He thought that all in life was truth,
 But, by and by,
When he had seen the world, he knew
That all those things he thought were true,
 Were all a lie.

Bliss was a dream of fairy land,
Friendship a word upon the sand,
 And love was naught
Save a day dream of infancy,
A ticket at the play, I fancy,
 Too dearly bought !

In fact, he thought, this poor young man,
That bootless was the race he ran
 In this wide world ;
That not a thing was worth the while,
Therefore he marched thro' life's defile
 With banners furled.

He was not pale, that youth, I ween,
Nor was he made, (from what I've seen),
 To cut a dash,
His eyes were bluish gray, his hair
Was dark, his upper lip did wear
 A black mustache.

He was a soldier and had served,
But never had his fortune swerved,
 Except for evil,
And yet his mind had settled down,
So that he cared for smile, nor frown,
 For saint, nor devil !

Yet when approached the dark-eyed maid,
This youth, enraptured, half betrayed
 A strong emotion ;
In him it was a wondrous thing,
Which nothing from his soul could wring
 But love's devotion.

And oh ! that maiden smiled so sweetly,
And gazed upon him so discreetly,
 With such an eye !
That, though but one quadrille he got,
And that the sixth, his soul forgot
 Its misery.

'Twas then confessed her supreme power,
He waited for the midnight hour
 With sighing breast.
And in the dance, his ardent gazes
Saw none but her amid its mazes,
 And shunned the rest.

And she, upon her knight's devotion
With heart of angel took compassion,
 The dark-eyed fay;
And gave, with smiles that thrilled his heart,
That precious gift of Flora's art.
 Her own boquet.

Forth went the youth with glowing features,
And in the moonlight, all in raptures,
 He made a vow,
And holding up the gift, his pride,
Addressed the moon, the soldier cried :
 " Oh hear me now !

" Oh, Moon ! if in my youthful days
I ever penned ecstatic lays
 Thy beams to praise,
If it be true that you look kindly
On those who sigh and love on blindly
 Beneath thy rays ;

" If thou art still the maiden queen
Who chased the deer in forests green
 With silver bow ;
If lovers are by thee protected,
When in their maddest acts detected,
 Oh, hear me now !

“ And if you smile on Cupid’s lies,
That render stupid the most wise,
And quick the slow :
If e’er you blest a poet’s lay,
And taught Great Ocean to obey,
Oh, hear my vow !

“ Before thy dreamy beams I swear
These flowers on my heart to wear
At the first fight,
And he who points his weapon there,
Where buds of beauty bloom so fair,
To death is dight !

“ And furthermore, by light or shade,
I swear these flowers will never fade
Within my soul,
While shines the sun upon the globe,
Or stars that deck the night’s blue robe
In heavens roll !”

With that he swore a solemn oath,
Then raised his hands in prayer both
To her above ;
And that which was heard from him last
Were these words whistling in the blast :
“ So help me Love !”

BATON ROUGE, October 2, 1862.

SONG.

AIR—"We have lived and loved together."

The moon smiled pale, but serenely,

The stars like tears shone above,
As I wandered all pensive and lonely,
And thought of the one that I love.

Perhaps we have parted forever,
All happiness ends with regret.
Ah! 'tis cruel of heaven to sever
Two hearts that can never forget.

The light fleecy clouds were racing
Like ghosts on the moon's dreamy eye,
To infinity each other chasing,
But she motionless stood in the sky.
And I thought: like the waves of a river,
Or the clouds, will my days come and go,
But my love, still the same, will forever
Shine bright and unsullied as snow.

Her name on my lips is a prayer.
Her image a god in my heart.—
I would sooner be dead than betray her,
She loves me, and oh, we must part!
But true love no distance can sever;
Even time cannot wipe it away,
Oh! then, let us hope and love ever,
And night will yet melt into day.

PORT HUDSON, January 7, 1862.

ROSA.

I saw a rose upon its bush,
 So fair,
It seemed to color with its blush
 The air.

Among its thorns, with leaves unfurled,
 It shone
Like Innocence upon the world,
 Alone.

What do they think, the pretty flowers
 That bloom?
Is it their thoughts that fairy bowers
 Perfume?

For thoughts are sweet, when they are pure,
 Like roses,
And soft as light which the morn's azure
 Discloses.

I do not like to pluck a blooming
 Flower ;
No sin appears, to my presuming,
 Lower.

But as she was destined to you,
 Her mate,
I did not think that she would rue
 Her fate ;

But when I took her in my hand
 'Twas faded,
Like some bright dream of fairy land
 Degraded.

And thus I thought : " Is this world made
 Of lies ?
Can we believe, for flower or maid,
 Our eyes ?

" Must we still say, this beauteous thing
 But seems ?
The truest pleasures life can bring
 Are dreams ?

" Fancy always our 'raptured eyes
 Beguiles,
And we're deceived by painted lies
 And smiles ? "

I brought the rose to you, and lo !
 I found
A cure to soothe my heartfelt woe
 Profound !

For you are holy as the rose,
 And pure
As morn's own beam that radiant glows,
 I'm sure !

And you are one of those bright flowers,
A maid
Whom life cannot with evil hours
E'er fade !

BATON ROUGE, October 16, 1862.



To Mrs. Isabella Grinnell.

—
SONNET.
—

The soldier lays upon his helpless bed,
Far from his home, reft of maternal care ;
With war's stern paint his gaping wounds are red,
Yet in his sleep smiles the young warrior there ;

For sunlit fancies dance around his head—
Once more at home, he breathes its healing air,
Beneath a mother's magic touch forbear
The fearful pains, and drops the fever dread !

He wakes, and lo ! still smiles a mother's face
Beside his bed with charitable grace—
The magic hand still plies its healing arts.

All who have known her, loved her, for she's kind ;
Her children are the sufferers of mankind ;
Her name, 'tis written in heaven and our hearts !

GLOBE HOSPITAL, Richmond, May, 1862.

DULCIA.

Bright were the stars that shone last night,
Not brighter than your eyes ;
Your smiles are sweeter than the dawn.
Softer than summer skies !
I do not mean to flatter you
With unbecoming lies,
But you'll believe me, I am sure,
Your modesty's so wise !

The candy that you sent was sweet,
The sweeter for its size ;
Small things are nicest, and I hate
Of aught to gormandize ;
'Twas small and sweet, just like a kiss,
Enough to tantalize,
I took it as an allegory
To suit my wishful sighs !

BATON ROUGE, October 23, 1862.

QUERIDA.

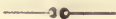
I will not see you, love, to-day—
Oh, what a heavy morning this is !
Though smiles the sun and skies look gay,
It is with you alone that bliss is ;

I will not light my anxious soul
To-day, with fire from your sweet eyes,
Therefore the hours will darkly roll,
All heedless of the beaming skies :

But I will see you, love, to-morrow,
And skies take back their looks of azure ;
And dark as shall have been the sorrow,
So bright will be the glowing pleasure—

How loud soever love may call
With syren voice and eyes of beauty,
A soldier's honor is his all
And happiness must bow to duty!

BATON ROUGE, November 29, 1862.



ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.

If I were beautiful and bright,
If I had eyes that shamed the light
Of heaven's stars,
If like you, I was fair and witty,
I'd be a flirt and show less pity
Than cruel Mars!

I'd never marry, not at least,
Till I had brought down that poor beast,
Dull man, to reason,
I'd have all dying for my sake,
And break more hearts than God can make
In one whole season ;

I'd think of nothing but of balls,
Of silken robes and cashmere shawls,
Of gems and beaux,
I'd be the sweetest, cruelest creature
That ever twisted heaven's nature
To artful shows ;—

I would, like you, be dark and pale,
For rosy cheeks will tell a tale
Though lips may lie ;
I'd study the dissembling art,
I'd carry scorn within my heart,
Love in my eye !

I'd practice smiles of deep deceit
To bring my victims to my feet
With hopes absurd,
Then send them off in dull despair
To tear their clothes, or pull their hair,
If they preferred ;—

I'd be the gayest of the gay,
Smile ever, like a month of May,

Though full of sorrow,

— And though I'd break some hearts with anguish,

My gay flirtation would not languish

For food, the morrow ;—

My heart of ice and eyes of fire,

My voice, as tuneful as the lyre

That Orpheus rules,

Would bring men at my feet to sigh,

And I would laugh to see them cry

For being fools !

From nothing in the world I'd shrink

To make the stupid creatures think

That I was truthful—

Vows, smiles and tears, I'd lavish all,

How could they doubt such proofs at all

In one so youthful !

I'd be, in fact, a true coquette,

With all due forms and etiquette

My heart I'd screen,

I'd have my flatterers and my knights

And vassals 'neath the ball room lights

Would call me queen—

All would beneath my sceptre bend—
My chains no mortal strength could rend,
 Though light they'd be,
Smiles would repay my loyal slaves
And frowns annihilate the knaves
 Who would be free!

But, oh! by all on earth I hold dear,
I'd have no mercy on the soldier—
 Who, bred in camps,
Will shoot Mars' shafts or Cupid's arrows
With equal coolness as at sparrows
 Aim village scamps;

As they have never long to stay,
They want to make their visits pay—
 Therefore are bold;
I'd punish all such graceless wretches
By chaining them with amorous ketches
 In Love's stronghold!

And what if they should go despairing?
'Twill make their valors still more daring
 The State to save;
A broken heart no foe will quell—
And what cares he for shot or shell
 Who courts a grave?

I'd be coquettish, but yet prudent ;
For Love will pierce with arrows ardent
 The closest mail—
Some have been known, heart-breakers rare,
(For some cold swain who did not care,)
 To take the veil—

For e'en coquettes will once be frail—
And women often long bewail
 Unguarded moments—
Full many a life begun with smiles,
Has ended, thanks to Cupid's wiles,
 In fearful torments !

And men are false, sometimes, you know,
The blind boy strikes the conquering brow
 With direst crime ;
Of fifty loyers who adore,
Three-fourths will love us, less or more,
 Just to kill time !

PORT HUDSON, February 15, 1863.

AMOR.

“L’amour est plus fort que la mort!”

Fair angels that in limpid azure rove,
Inspire my verse to sing a song of love,
 With words and thoughts sublime ;
Show how devotion blends two loving hearts
And to each beating bosom how imparts
 A corresponding chime !

A youth and maiden sat in converse sweet--
No purer hearts in mortal bosoms beat.
 No more resplendent forms
E'er courted sunlight in the flowery field,
Or basked in love beams, to whose radiance yield
 E'en winter's dismal storms.

Their love was not that passing ray of light,
Born of reflection, which worldlings doth unite,
 A dull and temperate flame,
Upon whose sacrificial fane no victim bleeds,
Save when at times a beauty sows the seeds
 Of love to gather shame.

Theirs was the pure, th' ethereal gift of God,
Coeval with his all creative nod,
 The universal song

Born of divine effulgence, sacred bar,
Which angels, from each palpitating star,
On harps of gold prolong!

Theirs is no afterthought, they love--'tis all :
Their softest music is a tender call
By each of mutual names--
To see each other, mingle causeless tears
With dotingsmiles, fond hopes with groundless fears,
These are their highest aims.

Whole days they pass, 'twined in each others arms,
Admiring all things, adoring Nature's charms,
Its songsters and its flowers--
But still reverting to each other's faces,
With grateful conscience of no fairer graces,
Forgot the fleeting hours!

Yet they could see the blooming flowers die,
'Reft of his mate could hear the dove's low cry,
Behold the falling leaves,
And as black winter frowned and chilled the air,
Could mark on Nature's withered brow the care
That o'er lost beauty grieves!

Yes, thro' their dream they saw how all things pass--
Their love, they felt eternal, but alas!
Since glories all must fade,

They trembled lest some ruthless winter night
Should o'er their prospect cast the unfailing blight
Which poisons bliss betrayed ;

For Time and Death pursue a headlong way,
Nor choose their victims, but remorseless prey
On beauty, health and bloom ;
The old, the young, the virtuous and profane,
The bird in air, the prisoner in his chain,
All blend in future gloom !

Time is a rust which eats up youthful hearts ;
'Tis Time which lover from his lady parts ;
“ Whom the gods love die young ”—
They take their leave without one bitter thought.
Pale wisdom by experience dearly bought
Leaves their pure souls unstung.

How many sages one hour has brought to shame :
How many heroes lost immortal fame
By one day's dizziness ;
How many lovers blessed would have been
Had they not lived one day too long, I ween,
For faith and happiness !

And fearing Time, thus prayed the youthful lovers :
“ God, whose new mercies, every day discovers,
Oh, listen to our prayer !

“This fleeting world thou never mad’st for love,
It changes so—alone the heavens above,
Eternal, dread no care !

“Oh ! let us die before our frames grow old—
Oh ! let us sleep before our love is cold—
Let us not live to mourn !
Let no pale tombstone chill our fixed eye ;
To *You* with Faith and Love, oh, let us fly,
On Hope’s white pinions borne !

“Let us depart with all our blissful dreams,
Ere yet our love hath quenched its golden beams
In Future’s dark abyss ;
While yet we smile, nor wish to blot the past,
Dying of love, oh, let us breathe our last
In one eternal kiss !”

Thus pray’d the pair, their vows to heaven ascended,
Their spotless wish the God of love befriended
And sent his holy thunder,—
Midst the sublimest rapture of their hearts
From the black cloud the blessed lightning darts
Nor rends their hearts asunder—

They were found sleeping ’neath an aged oak,
Of a celestial bliss their features spoke,
A bliss without a name ;—

Struck in each other's arms, by God's own doom,
By angels culled in death, their love will bloom
Eternally the same !

The martyr's holy tomb, the patriot's grave,
The storied urn, the consecrated nave
Where heroes lie immortal,
To sacred thoughts excite th' admiring soul,
And men aspire to enter the heavenly goal
By such a glorious portal :

But Hate and Envy these proud ghosts pursue,
And cruel Slander opes their wounds anew
And clouds their shining glory,
Oh ! them I envy not, if I can rest
With happy love's eternal sunshine blest.
Unknown to fame or story !

CLINTON, May 5, 1863.



FAREWELL.



Farewell ! Stern duty calls me fast
'Gainst the foe,
I've been happy, but 'tis past,
Let it go—

Wheresoever 'tis my lot
Here to roam,
I will think me of this spot
As of home ;

I will think of thee and thine,
Far or near,
As of joys which we resign
With a tear ;

Ah ! we meet, we love, we part ;
What's eternal ?
Ah ! the pains that break the heart
Are diurnal !

And we think of happy moments
That are fled,
As friends mourn with soul-felt torments
O'er the dead !

Yet let me, as I bid farewell,
Laugh the while,--
So the ancient heroes fell
With a smile,

And when I am gone I sue
On my knee,
When you've nothing else to do,
Think of me !

GLEN ROY.

SONNET.

It is a curious world, this world of ours,
Time but creates in order to destroy—
One day, and then fade happiness and flowers,
Springs forth a source of pain from every joy!

Thus have I seen and loved thee, fair Glen Roy,
Where hospitality weaves happy hours,
Where neither sky nor brow unkindly lowers.
But all is pure like gold without alloy!

Thus must I leave thee, mansion where the smiles
Of beauty, fair as light, shine void of wiles
To cheer the weary and inspire the heart.

Farewell ; I may not see thee more, but yet
Where gratitude forbids us to forget,
Remembrance still remains, though joys depart !

GLOUCESTER Co., VA., Sept., 1861.

THE CANNONEER'S DOOM!

A LEGEND OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

“ Oh, tell me not of trimmings red ;”

Thus sighed a cannoneer—

“ The light of love its beams hath shed

On yellow, bright and clear ;

“ A thousand horsemen haunt my soul

With yellow trimmings bright,

A thousand horses rear and roll

Upon my couch at night—

“ They prance and trot, they laugh and jeer—

’Twould rouse a heart of stone ;

Alas ! alas ! poor cannoneer

Your occupation’s gone !

“ Erewhiles the red was all the go,

But now, the yellow rules,—

This life is but a fleeting show,

And we are Fortune’s fools !

“ The boots and spurs are on the rise,

Young Cupid for them vouches,

They get the comforters, my eyes !

And the tobacco pouches !

“They get the bright smiles that you sought—
Oh, F. B.’s what a shame!
My soul is dark—I ask for naught—
A grave without a name.”

Thus sighed the ardent cannoneer
And beat his manly breast,
And much more would have said, I fear,
But I must spare the rest,

’Twould make the ladies cry, I ween,
They are so wondrous tender—
His life was short, his death serene,
His epitaph was slender—

“Here lies an amorous cannoneer,
With mellow heart if ever;
Ladies avaunt, yet shed a tear—
He died of *yellow fever!*”

COTTAGE HILL, ALA., September 7, 1863.



FALSE.



Farewell to thee, loved one, false-hearted,
Who could love and forget in a breath—
Oh! who would have thought, when we parted,
That aught would divide us but death?

For she said that she loved me and swore it—

I read the false tale in her eyes—

Oh! I'll pick out a star and adore it,

For this world's of divisions and lies!

Of all women I thought she'd be true;—

That I should be so quickly forsaken!

So artful, yet beautiful too—

Oh, why that I was so mistaken?

Or, did you believe that I lied, say—

When I vowed by my own sainted mother

To cherish and love till I died, say—

And never to love any other?

Can such memories e'er be forgotten?

What good did the falsehood to thee?

For those treasures of love, thus ill gotten,

They are *lost* both to *you* and to *me!*

Though you're gone to return to me *never*,

Your cross still remains on my breast—

And your portrait still smiles on as ever—

But, alas, *that* will fade like the rest!

I will never more love or believe—

I will live with my thoughts and my visions—

For the lifeless alone won't deceive—

And this world is of blights and divisions!

Then fare thee well, loved one, false-hearted,
Who could love and forget in a breath—
Oh! who would have thought when we parted
That aught would divide us but death!

IN THE FIELD NEAR DALTON, GA., Dec. 17, 1863.



A SONG.



Wastes may divide us and distance may hide us
From each other's eyes,
But true hearts once plighted are ever united
By fond memories ;

Our sorrows may flow, but the bosom's warm glow
Will dry up those tears,
Whilst the promising future, all sunlight and rapture,
Dispels our fears ;

Ah! let us love ever, and distance may sever,
But never us part ;
What tho' death separate us ? the blue heavens await us,
Your heart and my heart !

DALTON, GA., December 2, 1863.

SHORT RATIONS.

A SONG.—DEDICATED TO THE CORNFED ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

Fair ladies and maids of all ages,
Little girls and cadets howe'er youthful,
Homeguards, quartermasters and sages
Who edit newspapers so truthful ;
Clerks, surgeons and supes, legislators,
Staff officers, fops of the nation,
And even you, dear speculators,
Come list to my song of starvation.

CHORUS :

For we soldiers have seen something rougher
Than a storm, a retreat or a fight,
But the body may toil on and suffer
With a smile, so the heart is all right !

Our bugles had roused up the camp,
The heavens looked dismal and dirty,
The earth was unpleasant and damp,
Like a maid on the wrong side of thirty—
We were taking these trials with quiet,
When we heard from the mouth of some rash ones
That the army was all put on diet,
And the board had diminished the rations !

CHORUS : Oh, we soldiers, etc.

Reduce our rations at all!

It was difficult, yet it was done—

We had one meal a day, it was small,

Are we now, holy Gods, to have none?

Oh ye gentlemen issuing rations

Give at least half her own to the State,

Put a curb on your lust and your passions

And commissaries commiserate!

CHORUS: Oh, we soldiers, etc.

Tell me not of the Lacedemonian,

Of his black broth and savage demeanor,

We carry a face less Plutonian,

But I swear our corn coffee is meaner!

Tell me nothing of ancients and strangers,

For on seeing our Southern-bred Catos,

I have laughed at old Marion's rangers

Who feasted on roasted potatoes!

CHORUS: Oh, we soldiers, etc.

Erewhiles we had chickens and roasters,

For the fowls and the pigs were ferocious—

We sent them to long pater nosters,

And the deed was not stamped as atrocious;

But since men have been shot for the same,

We parch corn, it is healthier, but tougher;

The chickens and pigs have got tame,

But the horses and mules have to suffer!

CHORUS: Oh, we soldiers, etc.

IN THE FIELD NEAR DALTON, GA., Dec. 22, 1863.

NOW THAT YOU LOVE ME.

A SONG.

Life's shadows hovered darkly,
Like clouds upon the blast,
And on me glowered starkly
The spectres of the past ;
Now, promising and bright,
The heavens shine above me,
And all my loads are light
Now that you love me !

I thought that all the joys of earth
Were only painted lies,
That there was naught of any worth
Beneath the changeful skies ;
But now th' eternal truth hath shone
And hopeful transports move me,
Now sing my thoughts with blissful tone,
Now that you love me !

To meet the light the shadows dare not ;
All misery flies from you—
If all the world is false, I care not,
So *you* are only true !
All, all, is perfect, fair and bright,
Below, around, above me,—
Earth's *darkest* corners beam with light
Now that you love me !

A DEDICATION.

TO MRS. FANNY S. BEARS.

To you, though known but yesterday, I trust
These winged thoughts of mine,
Be not, I pray, too critically just,
Rather be mercy thine !

Nor think on reading my despairing rhymes,
That I am prone to sigh,
Poets, like children, weep and laugh at times,
Without scarce knowing why !

Thoughts tend to heaven, mine are weak and faint,
Please help them up for me,
The sick and wounded bless you as a saint,
In this my patron be ;

And as the sun when shining it appears
On dripping rain awhile,
Make a bright rainbow of my fancy's tears
With your condoling smile !

KINGSTON, February 23, 1864.

WINTER.

“The moon she is a wandering ghost
That walks in penance nightly,
How sad she is, the wandering moon,
For all she shines so brightly!”

Have you ever seen a clear
Winter night,
And its moon with such a drear,
Cruel light?

On its pathway blue and chilly,
Blasting all,
It advances, coldly, stilly,
Like a pall!

On the cold and heartless snow,
Ever glaring,
How it chills the bosom's glow,
With its staring!

Oh, how pitiless it stalks on
In the air;
It is Fate that sternly walks on
To despair!

It tells us with its silent voice :
“ Hope not mortals ;
All must enter, there's no choice
The bleak portals !

“ Think of all the things you cherished,
All, yes, all!
Have they not, one by one, perished,
Great and small ?

“ Of the friends you loved so dearly
In the past,
Some went late and some went early,
Which was last ?

“ Where are all your aspirations,
All your hopes ?
’Neath the snowy undulations
Of the slopes !

“ All the dreams and loves, those shadows
You had chosen,
Like the rivers, trees and meadows
All are frozen ! ”

Thus the moon with spectral glances
Calmly, stilly,
On its pathway still advances
White and chilly !

And the heart that anguish seizes,
Sullen hears,
For the cruel winter freezes
Even tears !

DALTON, January 13, 1864.

Tribute to the Ladies of New Orleans.

There was a city fabulously grand ;
The riches of the world were in her hand,
Her daughters all were queens,
Her princely sons were chivalrous and proud,
And glowing Fame thy praises vaunted loud
Oh stately New Orleans !

There came a day of darkness and despair
When startled bells alarmed thy morning air,
And treachery kist thy brow,
The foe was at thy gate with glaring eye,—
Then didst thou utter one convulsive cry :
“ My sons, where are you now ? ”

But they were gone and heard thy voice in vain
As it came thundering on the distant plain
Where vanquished foes were flying—
Thy braves were gone, the *tame* alone remained
One single hero died and thou wert chained,—
Then, Freedom thought of dying !

But angels were with thee ! when men turned pale
And cowardly traitors raised a helot's wail
Beneath the victor's lash !
Thy queenly daughters, 'fore th' invading wave,
Willing to suffer, if they could but save,
Were beautifully rash !

Conquered, yet free—insulted, yet divine,
They marched on spotless, like the stars that shine
 More glorious through a cloud ;
They knelt, unsullied, by the filthy wrath
Which brutal power heaped along their path,
 To Freedom's altar proud !

We know and love them whose devoted toils
Midst hungry marches and in battle's broils
 One memory hath repaid ;
Whose patriot sufferings oft have been relieved
By the e'er watchful kindnesses received
 From their angelic aid !

Even in their fetters they can help the free,
From their dark prison sending notes of glee
 To swell heroic choirs—
Fast fly the foe, for nothing can withstand
The furious charge of the undaunted band
 Whom such a song inspires !

I've seen you 'neath the ball room's festive glare
And, decked in beauty, shine beyond compare
 Within the opera hall,
And as Rossini's voice swelled in my soul,
My heart, enraptured, leaped without control
 A slave to wait your call !

Then, you were queens whom *vassals* we admired.
In beauty, grace and ease you lived attired—

What could one wish for more?

Now, purified by suffering's holy flame,
You shine, *divinities*, in the house of Fame!

Whom *mortals* we *adore*!

Many there are, exiled from childhood's home,
And forced abroad in stranger States to roam,—

Yet happier these by far;

They do not hear th' insulting foeman's voice,
They help the soldiers—'tis their noble choice
To soothe the ills of war!

Fairies that bless the soldier's weary dreams
When with home thoughts his panting bosom teems,

Stars that bedeck his sky,—

Where is the slave, beneath the clouds that roll,
Oh! where's the coward who would not pledge his soul
For you to do or die?

My heart is swelling with exultant pride,

And heroic fires burn within my side

When glows your mem'ry there—

Your sons and lovers know their proud estate,

And will deserve your love or meet the fate

Which patriot heroes dare!

DALTON, March 25, 1864.

THE CLERK'S LAMENT.

Give my companions back to me,
My rock built hut so gray,
My bugles at the reveille
That roused the merry day !
Give me the hearts that beat with mine
In friendly unison—
Give me my good friend's oath and smile,
The warrior's benison !
Take me from where convention tries
On honest folks her sham—
Oh ! let me hear, for courtly lies,
A soul-inspiring damn !
Though ham and eggs and genuine
Rio be now my lot,
Though I inhabit plastered halls
And sleep upon a cot ;
Though I possess a general pass,
And live among the ton,
And whirl along with the fracas
That follows Mr. Johnston—
Though I enjoy an office, sirs,
Frequenting all the flash ones.
And like the full starred officers
Buy undiminished rations ;
Though every day I wash my face,

Get barbered now and then,
Wear cleanest underclothes and face
The general in his den ;
Though at Hd. Qrs, I can shirk
With all the starry grandees,
And am the most essential clerk
Of all the A. A. G's!
Yet I regret my roving days
Of sunshine and of rain.
The friends that knew my little ways,
And ne'er I called in vain!
The friends that smiled to see me come,
And laughed at all my jokes,
So that I felt myself at home
Midst Fortune's heaviest strokes—
And I regret our bivouac songs,—
And full of consternation
I think about our silent tongues
Of friendly altercation!
Bernardo, dost thou think of me,
When blankets scarcely warm thee?
Zimluco, dost thou still love me,
Though time and distance storm thee?
Propheta, Madam Jeune and Lilly,
Think you sometimes of him,
Who, far from you, sees lone and chilly,
The Dalton hills grow dim?

Dost sit around the bright camp fire
And say : " That poor Rinaldo,
Oh, what a pity that high flyer,
Jim Eustis, had him ealled oh !
And last, but ah ! not least, Carloo,
My ever constant friend,
When you come back, who'll cherish you.
Your partner not at hand ?
Methinks I hear the echoes ring
In answer to your sighs,
Methinks I see your tear-drops spring.
Of a tremendous size !
But, ah ! we'll meet in better climes,
(If ever we go there?)
And we will call " The good old Times "
These days of toil and care !
For memory paints with blessed guile
Past suffering to our eyes,
And we remember with a smile
What caused us many sighs !

* * * * *

DALTON, GA., March 26, 1863.

SONG.

—
If I could write what thinks my heart,
No words were bright and warm as mine ;
If to your soul I could impart
My raptures in a song divine,
If I could speak as angels do,
In music sweet and words of fire,
I'd ever speak and sing to you
Love's theme upon the 'raptured lyre!

But I'm a mortal, and my tongue,
Though burst my heart, can hardly speak.
I can love deeply, well and long,
But words to tell my love are weak!
If I were lord of earth and air,
With treasured gems of ocean brine,
For one lock of your chestnut hair
I'd give them all, so *that* were mine!

I've dreamt of Love and Paradise,
And asked the stars if such things were—
I've met your darkly beaming eyes,
Bliss, Paradise, with Love *are* there!
And now, I weep no more, nor dream
Beneath the stars that palely shine,
For I have seen your features beam
And bright realities now are mine!

MY LOVE.

My love is the fairest,
The sweetest, the dearest,
The *best* love that is in the world ;
Her beauty imposes,
Though modest as roses
That blush at their graces unfurled !

She's my greatest of treasures,
My fountain of pleasures,
My happiness, comfort and pride,
And my heart's adoration,
Is enhanced by duration,
And pain becomes joy by her side !

She is mine, so I prize her.
My heart like a miser,
Keeps hidden this gem of my capture
All alone and in quiet
I delight and enjoy it
In vast egotistical rapture !

She is not broken-hearted,
Though by war we are parted,
For she *knows* how to love, and she swore
That a man without honor
Would never have won her,
And, hearing, I loved her the more !

IN THE TRENCHES.

The rain is pouring with remorseless drops,
The dampened breezes sigh,
Each now and then a Yankee rifle pops
And angry Minnies fly ;

Our gun is scanning with a sullen brow
The wide extended plain,
Ready to send upon the Yanks below
Its deadly iron rain ;

I'm under shelter, (?) who would call it so,
Save but a hardened reb ?
A blanket 'cross a pole, rain pouring thro'
The thin and flimsy web !

Yet greybacks passing envy my retreat
And blast me on their way,
Saying : " Come out of there, I see your feet,
Come out of there, I say !

I'm hungry as a wolf, I wish Carloo
Would bring me up some ham !
But ah ! he's thinking of his maiden true,
And heeds me not a —— !

I wish *I* had a love to make *me* think,
These days of war and rain,—
I would not waste my soul, for meat and drink,
In aspirations vain ;

But ah! no smiling face my path delights
And I must brave old Nick,
The rain, thirst, hunger, with unfrequent bites,
And rare killickinick ;

The wind arises and I think of home,
Awhile my bosom cheers,
But darker clouds obscure the heaven's dome.
And change my thoughts to tears—

But hark! the fight has opened, shells explode
And moves the hostile hosts—
“Fall in!”—some quartermaster end this ode,
I hurry to my post!

BUZZARDS' ROOST, May 10, 1864.

TO OUR DEAD OF NEW HOPE.

CORPORAL W. H. BRUNET AND PRIVATE R. A. BRIDGENS.

The facts recited below are historical. They occurred in the battle of New Hope Church, on the 25th of May, 1864, during Gen. Johnston's Georgia campaign, where two brigades of Infantry of Stuart's division and Eldridge's Battalion of Artillery forming the rear of the army, after a severe engagement of three hours, repulsed Hooker's corps of Sherman's army. The heroes whose loss we deplore in the following lines, belonged to Fenner's Louisiana Battery, whose services on that day were particularly noticed by the General in his order of the day.

They sleep the deep sleep 'neath the sanctified sod

Made holy with patriot gore ;

They are resting for aye in the bosom of God,

The bugle will wake them no more !

No more will they thunder their wrath on the foes,

Nor smile on their friends as of yore,

By Honor's proud voice they were lulled to repose,

Their knell was the fierce battle roar !

One died—he had sighted his gun ere he fell,

That round was the Corporal's last ;

His soul on the canister rushed with a yell

And scattered the foe as it passed !

None braver in battle, in camp none more kind,

On the march and bivouac none so gay ;

Let him rest—in the hearts of his friends he's enshrined

And God Freedom's debt will repay !

Another was tending the trail—came the shot
And buried itself in his head—
His brother stretched out the pale corse—murmured not,
And stern, took the place of the dead!

He also was struck—but unmoved he remained,
At his post like a statue he stood,
Till his *third* brother came on the ground, crimson stain'd
By the flow of his own kindred blood!

'Twas then the young Spartan on giving his place
To the last of the heroic three,
Said: "Brother," then looking the dead in the face,
"Give them one for revenge and for me!"

No more need we look in dead history's page
Our souls with devotion to fire,
For our eyes have beheld in this country and age
How heroes and freemen expire!

All honor and fame to the good and the brave,
The dead of our patriot band,
The martyrs who perished their country to save
At Liberty's welcome command!

KENNESAW RIDGE, June 16, 1864.

ODE TO A BODY LOUSE.

Let others sing of strife and war's alarms
And waste their breath ;
To me the subject is devoid of charms
That treats of death—
Too many horrors meet the poet's eye,
When war's fell torch glares blood red in the sky.

Let bards more favored sing of love and wine,
Who get such things,
To me, no woman, nor no drink divine
Its solace brings,
Wedded to war, a most ungrateful spouse,
I sing the glories of the body louse !

What and whence art thou, creeping thing of dirt.
And what thine aim,
When thus thou treadest 'neath the soldier's shirt
The paths of fame ?
Where mud is deepest, and where balls fly thickest,
To heroes' underclothes thou ever stickest.

A martyr to some cause which heaven knows, (?)•
With none to nurse you,
You walk life's road companion to your foes
And those that curse you !
Thou hast thy loves and procreatest fast,
Ah ! such the fate of pariah and outcast !

Dost ever think? Dost sing with nature's choir
The fated song?

They say no dust than other dust stands higher,
The god's among,
Then why should man despise the *equal* form,
Himself made out of dirt, a larger worm?

I do not love thee, for thou never sleepest,
Yet though I kill thee,
'Tis not thro' malice, but with sorrow deepest
And but to still thee ;
Thus both the opposing wills of Fate fulfill,
Your part's to bite and die—I scratch and kill.

But not alone with soldiers dost remain—
On beauty's neck
I've seen you creeping, scandalously plain,
A startling speck ; *
I'm sure *thou* couldst have told a moving tale,
Of love exchanges 'tween the brave and frail.

Cosmopolite, thou livest at home with all
• Both rich and poor,
On priest and layman thou art known to crawl,
On king and boor—
But with the infantry thou most delightest
And at their warlike skins devoutly bitest.

*Historical.

Like Hamlet muffled in his inky cloak.

You "*know no seams,*"

Beneath the staff's white linen patent yoke

Your gentry teems ;

Even the escort cannot stop your raids,

And ticklish generals curse at lousy aids.

And now, farewell—the time *may* come, at last,

When we will part,

Then Fame will tell how in the glorious past

Thou 'st done thy part—

How of each patriot toil thou 'st borne thy share,

For where the army was, "*thou sure wert there !*"

IN THE FIELD NEAR MARIETTA, GA., June 15, 1864.



A S O N G .



The clouds are white and creamy.

The heavens serenely blue,

My thoughts, reposed and dreamy,

Are turned to love and you.

Beneath the azure's glory,

My melting spirit moves,

And reads a wondrous story

Of undivided loves!

Warm glow my heated fancies
In gold and purple drest,
And heaven's returning glances
Fire my loving breast—
All nature swims in glory,
And as they pass, the doves
Relate the wondrous story
Of undivided loves!

I think and I remember—
One night, thy hand in mine,
We pledged—'twas in December—
Oh bright the stars did shine!
And in the midnight's glory,
Each twinkling star that roves.
Recalled the wondrous story
Of undivided loves!

TRENCHES. ATLANTA, August 13, 1864.



To a Mother, on the Loss of her Child.

Why should the beauteous flowers fade,
Or children die?
Why should all light be merged in shade
Beneath the sky?

A mother's joys, a mother's tears,

Are they, oh Lord.

As idle as a maiden's fears

Before thy word?

Or did you need for some new earth

A fresher breath?

Fate gives to every note of birth

An echo—Death!

Bright flowers fade, children die,

But they return all

To that bright realm where in the sky

Spring reigns eternal!

Weep mother, let your sorrows flow,

But do not murmur,

God tries his loved ones, and each blow

But makes them firmer—

Each evil is mixed with good, your child

Is now an angel—

Take comfort in the assurance mild

Of God's evangel.

What though we bleed? Deep sorrow brings

Peace to the soul;—

Each christian tear the mourner wings

Nearer the goal!

CHARGE OF THE LOUISIANA BRIGADE,

AT ATLANTA, GA., JULY 28, 1864.

Composed of Austin's Sharpshooters, the 14th Louisiana Battalion, and the 1st, 4th, 13th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 25th and 30th Louisiana Regiments, making in all about eleven hundred men.

On the 28th of July, 1864, Gibson's (formerly Dan. Adam's) Louisiana Brigade, were ordered to charge the enemy's line of works on the left of the line. They marched up in splendid style, but their support failing them, were obliged to give way after an hour of most heroic fighting, within forty yards of the enemy's works. The order to halt was a misunderstanding, and did not emanate from Gen. Gibson, than whom none regretted more the fatal error which cost the lives of so many gallant men. The brigade was aligned in a very dense chapparal, and orders were with difficulty transmitted, where the General could only see a small portion of the line, and the uproar of the fight was deafening.

Thunders that roll along
Mountains and rocks among.
Swell up my lofty song
With your loud chorus,
Tell of shrill battle cries,
Sing of the brave who dies,
Shout and immortalize
Our braves for us!

Numberless stood the foes
Waiting in grim repose,
When loud the cry arose
On the line, "Forward!"

And, as the word was said,
Stepped up the bold brigade,
That ne'er a step has made
But it was foe-ward !

Fierce as ten thunder storms
Rushed those gray uniforms,
Strained those manly forms
In the race deadly,
Loud rose their Southern yell.
Louder than song can tell,
Anxious each heart, full well,
For the fierce medley !

And as the foeman hailed
That flag that never failed,
Each beating bosom quailed
When they saw beaming
Forth the blue cross and stars
On the red field of Mars
Foremost in all the wars
Furiously gleaming !

Onward through shell and shot,
Onward and wavering not,
Onward through tempests hot
Of lead and fire,

Marched on the undaunted flag,
And not a foot did lag
As went the glorious rag
To the foe nigher !

Ours now the glorious field,
For 'gan the foe to yield,
E'en left the prudent shield
Of his ditch earth-bound,
But, as we neared the game,
Cold then, the summons came.
"Halt!" and each warlike frame
Quivered with rage and shame
At the accursed sound !

Yet stopped the veteran band
Obedient to command,
And when they saw us stand
Soon the foe rallied ;
Now, as their smoke unfurled
Upwards, and wreath-like curled,
Hundreds of braves were hurled
To the ground, pallid !

Fast rolled the sheet of flame,
Countless the bullets came.
Safely their rifle's aim
From their defences ;

Stern as a battered wall
Stood our grim warriors all,
Doomed, but resigned to fall
 'Neath honor's glance!

And as the dead were strewn,
"Down!" came the order, "Down!"
But with a sullen frown,
 All disobeyed—
Stood up, unknown or noted,
Each man as if there rooted.
Stood up to death devoted.
 All the brigade!

Oh! 'twas a wondrous sight!
Heroes *all* in that fight—
Heaven itself was bright
 With so much glory;—
Only an angel's lyre
Burning with heavenly fire
Could a wild song respire
 Worthy that story!

Then fell th' heroic Shields,
Foremost in martial fields,
And only then he yields
 Up his torn banner,

You grasped it as he fell,
And then you died, oh Bell.
Breathing a fond farewell
To Louisiana !

I cannot name them all—
Freedom that saw them fall
Will on her altars tall
Their deeds immortal
Write with the eagle's pinions.
Teaching invading minions
How fearless Louisianians
Cross the black portal !

There stood they like a tower.
Laughed at the iron shower.
Stood an eternal hour
With smiling faces,
Then, back, with sullen brow,
Marched *glorious then and now*,
Half of their band laid low
In death's embraces !

ATLANTA. GA., August 17, 1864.

In the Soldiers' Grave-Yard.

Shoulder to shoulder there they rest,
In line of battle forever drest,
The holy dead, the patriots blest
Returned to their mother's womb ;
The wild birds sing on the branches nigh,
The summer breezes around them sigh,
But hushed is their Southern battle cry.
Sealed up in the silent tomb !

Sternly quiet, as if arrayed
For the murderous shock of the ambuscade,
Or, as after a march in the leafy shade,
In deep oblivion sleeping—
A confused murmur around their graves
Is heard, as the moan of the ocean waves,
As they mournfully sing in their rock-bound caves :
'Tis the echo of mothers weeping !

They came here in silence, one by one,
To sleep in peace when their task was done—
From the home they have by their labors won
The foe will exile them never ;
Their loves are undying *now*, their bliss
Is rapturous as an eternal kiss,
And the ties they form in the deep abyss
No ruthless hand can sever !

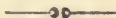
There they lie, both rich and poor,
The owner of land and the homeless boor,
In equality joined at the voiceless door,
Which Liberty opes to the dead ;
With life has departed each cankering care,
But their happiness, purer, still is there,
And their graves resound thro' the midnight air
With the music of angels' tread !

They will march no more thro' the starry night
To rush on the foe at the dawn of light,
Nor experience again that fierce delight
Which heroes in battle feel ;
Their bivouac fires are all gone out,
Mute are the song and the joyous shout,
The yell and assault on the strong redoubt
With the clashing of angry steel !

For each low grave there are weeping eyes,
A fruitful river of tears and sighs—
There are none so humble beneath the skies,
But love and are loved again ;—
It is fearful to think of the separations,
Of the broken hearts and the devastations
That will rise in judgment on warring nations
That pursue the example of Cain !

A fancy comes over my musing soul,
 I think, as I look on each funeral knoll,
 For the last review, when the drums will roll,
 On the day of God's election,
 How one by one each phantom brigade
 Will arise in garments of light arrayed
 And march to the muster where souls are paid
 By eternal Resurrection!

ATLANTA, GA., August 21, 1864.



"A Soldier--Name Unknown."

—
 LINES SUGGESTED BY THE INSCRIPTION ON A GRAVE.
 —

What is glory? A perfume whose own exhalations
 Itself must exhaust in the end;
 Like the waves in a calm, all earth-born undulations
 In solemn eternity blend!

What cares he, the martyr, tho' buried unknown,
 So he rest from his battle fields gory?
 Immortality dwells with true virtue alone,
 And not in the vauntings of story!

—
 The unknown of the earth have a name in the skies
 Where the holy are radiant with beauty,—
 The soldier for justice who suffers and dies
 Is called up to heaven "on duty!"

ATLANTA, Aug. 19, 1864.

TO MY LITTLE COUSIN MARY.

INSTEAD OF A VALENTINE.

Dear Mary, listen to my song,
Advice is healthy now and then ;
'Tis friendship now that wields my pen,
And purest love that guides my tongue ;—

You may not understand me now,
But read my thoughts in after years—
I hope and pray no cause for tears
'Tween now and then will cloud your brow!

No fears distract your tranquil mind —
You're young and artless, good and pretty,
You promise to be wise and witty,
Nor other beauties leave behind ;—

Take care how you enjoy those graces ;
There's danger in each precious gift,—
Misfortune's hand is strong and swift,
And good with evil runs tight races!

Shut not your heart to thoughts of good,
Be kind and generous and true—
Be fearless, yet be prudent too ;
If Eve had watched, Eden had stood!

Ne'er let your tongue belie your heart,
Nor e'en your blue eyes tell a story ;
Candor and truth to souls impart
The radiance mild of heaven's glory !

Crave nothing which you cannot reach,
For disappointments chill the heart—
Contented play your *humble* part,
The little birds *that* lesson teach !

Do not be selfish—fear no cost
When others want what you can spare—
The kindest is the fairest fair,
And richest she who gives the most.

Hope, love, believe—in Paradise
Such are the joys that angels sing—
With these an ever-budding spring
Will paint its sunlight in your eyes !

Dance, laugh and sing—but never flirt ;
Keep all your heart and *love* for *one*—
There's profanation in such fun—
And lying lips cause sorest hurt !

Keep your young heart in fullest bloom,—
For who 's it cares for faded roses ?
The heart whose lid each one uncloses,
Unworthy, loses all perfume !

When you grow up, sweet cousin Mary,
You *will* be loved and *you* may love—
Of your affections then be chary
Until your lover's truth you *prove*;—

Then let your heart run fetter free—
There's joy in heaven when true hearts love,
Celestial harmonies above
Answer their souls' ecstatic glee!

Your life is white and spotless yet,
Let *doubt* or *sin* pollute it never—
Keep childhood's innocence forever—
Pure hearts have nothing to forget!

Endeavor still a child to be,
And God will call you to his side—
For Jesus said, who never lied,
Let little children come to me!

I *may* not see your beauties bloom,
Wish not to live to see them fade;
Perhaps ere yet the bullet's made
That soon may seal the soldier's doom.—

But, Mary, whether far or near,
You want a friend, oh, think of me,—
I do not ask for *much*, you see,
In life a smile, in death a tear!

MACON, GA., February 18, 1865.

PARTING.

A REMINISCENCE.

The link is broke—the boat is gone,
When shall we meet who part in tears?
Ah! meetings are of fleeting minutes,
And separations are of years!

Ah! the cruel, cruel steam!
Ah, the rapid flying hours!
Bliss, too swiftly fading dream,
Transient as the April showers!

Shall we ever meet again,
Who part with many tears?
Will the visions of the past
Light again the coming years?

Still the cruel boat is gliding
Calmly on the sullen waters,
From me, with my *soul* is riding
On the cold and heartless waters!

And the music of the paddles
With its mournful monotone
That is gone now—with *her* vanished,
With my heart and hopes are flown!

And alone the mocking waters,
Seem to laugh upon my sorrows,
Seem to pity and to mock me,
Who depend on false to-morrows!

Now the boat seems but an atom
Trembling near the great unknown.
Smiling as it disappears—
Leaving me, oh God, alone!

Strain you now my fixed eyes—
Your endeavors will be vain ;
'Fore you, water and the skies,
In me solitude and pain!

And the moaning of the waters,
Murm'ring still and moaning ever
To my loan, despairing spirit
Whispers : " Now, forever, never!"

MOBILE, April 5, 1865.

THE WILDSHUTZ.

I

He slung his rifle on his back,
He shook his locks of raven black,
That Hilda loved to see,
And idly laughing would compare
With her own tresses soft and fair
As moonbeams on the sea!

He started for the mountain height,
Nor waited he for dawn of light
Or rise of grey-eyed morn,
His closely fitting suit bespoke
A graceful frame, yet strong as oak.
His eyes were dark with scorn;

With scorn, for Frantz did hate the laws
That held like vulture in its claws
His roaming spirit wild,
The laws that bade him spurn his rifle,
The noble thoughts of freedom stifle,—
Him, the bold mountain child!

The laws that kept the chamois shaggy,
Secure upon the mountains craggy
From rifles that were poor,

To serve as play things in the hands
Of those who ruled the rocky lands
Where trudged the hopeless boor ;

His eyes were dark with scorn, his heart
Was black with storms, yet bright in part
With love's pervading ray,
That like the sun, on cot or hall,
With equal beams doth shine for all
Upon life's great highway !

He loved—young Hilda was the maid
His restless heart with joy obeyed,
A creature fair and mild,—
And on that day the youthful pair
Were to be joined in wedlock rare.
There in the rocky wild ;

In the lone glen, beneath a rock
That looked like some grey friar's frock
Or like an angry frown
Of earth, they were to live and love
Should the dark fates that rule above
Not crush their wishes down ;

Should they ? For fates are cruel sisters
Who love to quench the light that glitters
Even with the purest ray.

They smite the king within his palace,
And change to murkiest night the solace
That cheers a happy day!

Frantz had a spirit deep and free
As waves upon the stormy sea,
He was a Wildshütz brave,
And would not quench his mind of fire,
Not for the king's or heaven's ire,
Not for his soul to save!

A path of danger was his road,
For cruel was the forest code,
And keen the for'ster's eyes
Who ranged Bavaria's forests wide—
Oh, ne'er a hunter left his bride
And left her void of sighs!

Poor Hilda prayed the eve in woe
He should not to the mountain go
For that her soul did burn
With thoughts of evil bode, and oh!
She feared that now for him to go,
Was never to return!

For in the night her spirit dreamed
About her lover, pale he seemed
And fearful to behold,

All ghostly white, o'erbloodied all,
And on his limbs a mournful pall
Dark prophecy foretold!

"Oh, Frantz! depart not in the morning,
Think of thy loving Hilda's warning.
Think of my bosom's fears,
And that I shall be yours to-morrow,
Oh, give me not this chance of sorrow—
Think of thy mother's tears!"

Her voice fell sweet upon his ear,
The evening sky was soft and clear,
The pitying moon shone bright,
And Hilda seemed, whilst praying there,
A spirit made of light and air,
In her long robes of white!

Frantz' loving heart, like mountain snow
Beneath the winter's mid-day glow.
With such words melted nigh,
But like the angry storms of winter
Did thoughts of danger fled from, enter
And cloud his beaming eye!

"Think of my woe," sobbed forth the maid;
"Think of my fame," the hunter said,
"For should I shrink from danger,

What shame would sit upon my brow,
And they, my bold companions now,
Would scorn the timid ranger!

“ No, I must go upon the mountain,
To meet the chamois by the fountain
With powder and with ball ;
And ere the sun illumine the east,
To grace our merry wedding feast
The fattest one shall fall ! ”

Young Hilda wept, but spake no more,
Like waves that lash upon the shore,
The sorrows smote her breast,
And that night as she went to sleep,
Her bosom like the furrowed deep
Upheaved in troubled rest.

II.

Why sounds the bell in doleful dirge,
And moan the people like a surge
O'er heartless rocks prevailing ?
Why sob the echoes near and far ?
Why the black pall and funeral car,
And matrons loud bewailing ?

A youth is dead, a mother childless !
A lovely girl on earth is friendless !
The *great* have willed it so ;

A funeral hath replaced a wedding ;
Frantz is no more, oh, what a shedding
Of tears and streams of woe !

Why stamps with joy the loathing earth,
And rubs his bloody hands for mirth
The for'ster in his hall ?
Why plays the smile of satisfaction
Around his lips, in cruel action,
And laughs his bosom tall ?

The mountain grass is red with gore,
The chamois roam and fear no more
The whistling ball of lead ;
Hurrah ! the for'ster never misses
When in the air his bullet hisses
Aimed at the Wildshütz' head !

111.

The fir trees and the rocks among
Is heard a low and plaintive song
Upon the mountain steep,
And as it glides along the trees,
It seems a wind, a sigh, a breeze
That urges hearts to weep ;

The voice that sings the song is sweet,
The hand of melancholy beat
A measure to its rhyme,

'Tis made of incoherent phrases
Like clouds that rush in various mazes,
Or different bells that chime ;

The ear that hears it on the hill
When all around is hushed and still
Believes it is a fairy,
Or northern winds that sighing pass,
Kissing the tall and waving grass
Upon a western prairie ;

But 'tis no fairy singing there,
'Tis not the sighs of winter air
That wild song of dejection :
'Tis a young maniac with fair tresses
Who weeps and on her bosom presses
A lover's recollection.

'Tis Hilda mourning for her lover—
Well may she mourn and wander ever !
Blow on ye killing blasts—
The life is short that sorrow spins ;
The crown of light a lover wins,
Whose love forever lasts !

* * * * *

TO A FRIEND OF ONE WEEK.

This world is of shallow foundation,
Friends meet like a passing of shadows
They come and they go in rotation,
Like sunlight and cloud o'er the meadows ;—

Hospitality smiled on your threshold,
I entered and Friendship was there—
Such memories never grow old,
They will follow my soul everywhere!

I would fain have remained somewhat longer,
Seen more of you, regretted you more,
But Fate than man's wishes is stronger,
E'er behind us there closes a door!

None can say : " I've a friend *now forever*,
Here's my home and the nest of my loves"—
There's a hand whose domain is to sever—
Time's wheel crushes all as it moves!

Oh Time! cruel moments so fleeting!
You run off with our most happy hours,
But in pity for hearts sadly beating,
You respect the poor soul's faded flowers!

Yes, thank God, kindly hearts can remember,
And though met with and lost in a day,
Perfumed and far sweeter than amber
Is the memory of friends far away!

COLUMBUS, GA., March 6, 1865.

A VALENTINE.

Love dwells within your sunny smiles,
And heaven in your heart—
There's so much *wit* in your blue eyes
They make each lover *smart*;

The *music* of your silver tones
Such high success obtains,
Ulysses' wax had not been proof
Against its melting strains!

Each movement in you is so *killing*,
The work of all the graces!
I'd fear much less from Yankee guns
A *volley* at ten paces!

But Fortune favors still the brave--
I love, tho' death's behind!
If Cupid cannot *see*, I'll e'en
With Cupid *go it blind*!

And if you don't accept my suit,
Remaining still *a miss*,
The death I'll seek on battle-fields
Can never come *amiss*!

MACON, February 14, 1865.

THE DYING MOTHER.

AIR: "Scenes that are brightest."

My son, I am dying,
Where are you now?
Said a mother lying
Death on her brow—
Mournful replying
In whispers low,
The winds were sighing—
Where are you now?

How he will miss me,
My boy, my pride!
Come, daughters, kiss me,
Cling to my side;
Tell him his mother
Blessed him and died—
Where is your brother,
My boy, my pride!

My son, I am dying--
Where are you now?
Where shots are flying?
Where winters blow?
How the mists deepen
Over my brow--
God, the skies open!
I see you now!

DALTON, GA., December 24, 1864.

DRINKING SONG.

AIR : " We wont go home till morning."

I'll tell you just now what I think, boys,
In troubles who wish to be gay,
There's nothing so good as a drink, boys,
To drive dull care away.

CHORUS : Its a way we have in the army, (*ter.*)
To drive dull care away.

You may talk of religion and quote, boys,
Philosophy's powerful sway,
But drinking's the best antidote, boys,
To drive dull care away !

Like democracy, stations it levels,
Preserving the flesh from decay,
It gives wit, it destroys the blue devils,
And drives dull care away !

It's a remedy 'gainst every ill, boys,
It enlivens the gloomiest day,
It gives courage to cowards and will, boys,
E'er drive dull care away !

Of all blessings that come from above, boys,
It's the cheapest and best in its way,
It is sure with tobacco and love, boys,
To drive dull care away !

Then never let whiskey or gin, boys,
From your presence untasted away,
For without it, you cannot begin, boys,
To drive dull care away!

CHORUS: It's a way we have in the army. (*ter.*)



MY CRAVAT.

It is blue as the heaven's own splendor,
With a fillet of white all around it,
'Tis the color of true faith and candor
With its own spotless fingers has bound it—

'Tis the work of an angel or peri,
With eyes of intelligent azure—
With a voice like the song of a fairy,
And a heart—who will win such a treasure?

When I think of the hands that have made it,
How delicate, kind, white and pure,
I'd be willing in death to parade it,
And be choked with delight I am sure!

Bonds of steel may restrain in despair one,
But the soul such vain fetters disdains—
A blue silken tie from *the* fair one
Is the strongest of possible chains!

COLUMBUS, GA., March 7, 1865.

FOOT-BALL GAME.

AT SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

Oh! goddess fair, tune thou my soft harp-strings,
And make them rough to sing of warlike things—
Tell me the names of all the heroes strong
Who joined the foot-ball game's tempestuous throng.
Oh! tell me those who fell, and say which side
Turned in its favor battle's martial tide!
The Club, of course, the warlike club was there—
Immortal Tom, Alceus, Marmion fair,
And you, oh Heidelberger, powerful arm,
A rock you stood amid the game's alarm!

The boys, by lot, their equal force divide
Between the Sparian and the Theban side—
The Club was spartan, worth the Spartans old,
Arminius too, and dark-eyed Oscar bold,
And other warriors, live alike to fame,
On Spartan side enrolled a deathless name—
But who the heroes of the Theban band?
Th' undying Phosphor, named the "Mighty Hand,"
Swift-footed Frank, and young Achilles sweet,
Sebastian proud, who measures seven feet,
And countless others, famous in the field,
Who, bred to battle, scorned the prize to yield—
The sides are ranged, the warriors all arrayed,
With hopes of glory their great hearts are swayed—

A moment all was silent, all was still,
Save withered leaves that rustled on the hill,
As when two clouds by heaven's magic wrought,
Meet high in air with awful thunder fraught,
They stand awhile, till sounds the signal blast,
And at the shock all nature thrills aghast!
Thus stood the boys, when from the Spartan crew,
The valiant Marmion bold defiance threw :

"Are you ready to meet the Spartan band,
To join with them in combat hand to hand,
Are you ready?" The Thebans thus defied,
"To fight, always, but ne'er to yield," replied—
"Then have your boon and fight!" did Marmion cry,
And fast he hurled the foot-ball to the sky;
High sped the ball by Marmion's fury sent,
A wild halloo the blue-domed heavens rent,
Then rushed the boys the contest to pursue—

Who first was he among the Spartans true
Who, Theban warriors boldly overthrew?
'Twas thou, oh Heidelberger, Spartan heart,
Thou, skilled to chase the swiftly-running hart,
Who, Frank so bold, o'erthrewest in his might
And broke his strength, the rash and hapless wight!
For, Theban true, he caught the flying ball,
Just then thy arm compelled his form to fall—
He fell, and earth resounded with the shock,
So shakes the mountain 'neath the tumbling rock.

The Thebans mourned, but Heidel running fast.
Still held the ball, voluminous and vast ;
By him you fell, oh Harry, youth so fair.
You had a will to do, a soul to dare,
But weak your arm to Heidelberger's hand,
You fell, a beauteous flower on the strand—
But who will stop the hero's powerful strides
As, dashing on, he terror-dealing rides ?
With him Arminius, youth exceeding strong,
With thin mustache, with silken curls and long,
To victory rides, pursuing far the ball.
Him swiftly follows proud Alceus tall—

But see Sebastian's giant form headlong,
Come rushing forth to join the battling throng—
He comes, he joins, and Heidelberger falls!
Oh, silk-haired youth, thou'lt ne'er boast in thy halls
Of matchless laurels on the tented field,
Sebastian's arm compelled thy strength to yield !

Oh ! Marmion, then, where was thy dauntless might ?
Immortal Tom, why lived you for the sight ?
Alceus bold, the club, the club is down,
Proud Heidelberger's length on earth is thrown,
Come to the rescue, save the doubtful game
Or hide thy head beneath thy hands of shame ?

But see the Marmion's anger flashing eyes—
See how to vengeance lightning-like he flies—

Alceus, Tom, with Marmion start amain,
T'avenge the club, or die on battle plain;
Oh! then there was so mad a battle sound
On Spring Hill's classic hero-bearing mound,
It seemed as fiends had pealed the battle yell,
And rose in arms the chivalry of hell!
Like arrows from the Cretan archer's bow,
The raging friends to battle onward go—
They fly, they reach the mingled scene of fray,—
Oh! ne'er the sun beheld such glorious day!
At their fell shock, four warriors measured the field—
Yet still Sebastian, valiant, will not yield,
He holds the ball, back'd by our Theban foes—
In Marmion's heart enkindled fury rose.
With one slight turning of his dext'rous feet
He felled to earth Achilles' form so sweet,
And as the rose that lives a summer day,
At eve expires, perfumed it dies away,
So, young Achilles, gentle summer rose,
Fell harshly trampled by unpitying foes—
And then you fell, oh! valiant Macatchoo,
Beneath Tom's arm, and fell Ignatius too—
But Spartan heroes on the earth are strewn,
Like withered leaves when autumn's breath has blown,
They fell beneath Sebastian's powerful arm,
Nor could Alceus save their forms from harm—
They fell like brave men on the battle ground.
And falling, earth was startled by the sound!

The Theban warriors on the striving plain,
'Neath Oscar's hand fell thick as April rain,
As golden harvests when the grain is ripe,
Fall 'neath the sickle in the laborer's gripe,
They fell beneath the youth's resistless blow,
Their backs all down, their faces to the foe!

But see the ball hurled from the battling crowd;
The boys pursue with trampling footsteps loud—
So, ere the storm, the rumbling thunder far,
Calls clouded heaven to black and lurid war—
And—"keep it up!" is heard the Theban cry;
"Kick down, or die!" the Spartans' bold reply—
The ball's in front, the warriors all pursue,
But Phosphor's strength the battle day shall rue—
For swiftly dashing past the Theban throng
The reckless hero dares Alceus strong:—
Alceus saw, his wakeful ire rose high,
Shrill rang in air his dreaded battle cry—
He ran as flashes lightning on the storm,
Woe to the youth who meets that rushing form;
The warriors rushed, hell trembled as they rode,
And quaked the monarch of the dark abode!
They met—oh! then, where was the Phosphor bold,
The "Mighty Hand?" Upon the sand he rolled—
He fell as falls the deeply rooted oak
When loud the woodsman plies his heavy stroke,

He reeled, he tottered, then to earth he fell,
The sound awoke the direful fiends of hell!
Then Tom, you fell beneath a Theban's hand—
Your form adorned fair Spring Hill's golden sand ;
You're down, but cheered the Spartans as you fell,
Your shout swelled up the raging battle yell—

Who overthrew th' immortal strength of Tom ?
'Twas one who from fair Canton town had come
T' enjoy the latin poets' deathless names,
And show his might in Spring Hill foot-ball games ;
'Twas mighty Sherrod—high his head he bears,
His golden hair in silken curls he wears,
His sinews steel, his heart is passing bold,
He boasts descent from Pelopidas old—
But Marmion and Alceus both unite
To wreak their vengeance on the Sherrod's might,
And save the honor of the club in fight—
They rush on valiant Sherrod raging high,
They meet, and Canton maidens loud will sigh,
For heavenly Sherrod on the ground lies low,
Hurled from his feet by warlike Spartan foe,
Bathed in the blood which trickles from his nose.
Long will the Theban feel Alceus' blows !

But while engaged thus, Alceus and his friend,
From Canton's brows the laurels green to rend.
Arminius, swift as sparrow on the wing,
Seizes the ball, then with a sudden spring

He leaps in air and kicks the volume round—
The ball emits a hollow, moaning sound,
Obedient to the Spartan's skillful care,
It rushes whistling thro' th' opposing air,
Then as a shell by blazing powder thrown
High in mid air, when, rapid, it has flown.
Describes a curving parabola there,
So turns the ball its bending course and fair ;
It falls, and far behind the Theban base,
With many a bound it stops its headlong race—
Thus, in the wold, by hunter's arrow struck,
High bounds in air the branch adorned buck,
Some hundred yards with many a leap it flies
Then, drained of blood, with tearful eyelids dies—
The victor Spartan's loudly cheer the game,
Extoll to heaven Arminius' glorious name,
The Theban warriors mournful hang their heads,
And sigh t' enshroud their shame in drowsy beds—
The Spartan hero bears the victor's prize,
A gorgeous foot-ball of prodigious size,
With dexterous kick he speeds the ball on high.
With many groans it dares the glaring sky,
Then seek the feast, the friendly foemen all,
With three hurrahs for Spartan skill at ball !

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

A PARAPHRASE.

'Twas night, and all was silent on the hill,
In darkness was enveloped Israel's host,
And Jephtha's daughter in the gloom of night,
Thus prayed and wept her most untimely death :

The youthful vine each day enjoys the sun,
The infant corn fears not the reaper's blow,
Most flowers e'en will live more days than one,
But as a rose to-day I live and die !

My comrades, when I shall be laid in earth,
Will hear their children's gay and playful call ;
Their son as manly as his father see—
But I must die in life's primeval bloom !
When old age comes, their parents worn and weak,
In their sweet arms will lay time-weary limbs,
Will die in peace, with children weeping 'round,
Yet childless mine ; alas ! to-day I die !

Oh, thou ! who hearest maidens' mournful notes,
Behold my father's tears, arrest their stream ;
On him bestow, with compensating hand,
The happy days which thou hast snatched from me,
Oh, then, Almighty God ! I'll happy die !

BLANCHE.

When music with melodious voice
Speaks to my dreaming soul,
And pleasure bids my heart rejoice,
To drain the sparkling bowl,
I think of one with lustrous eyes,
Brighter than solar beams,
And thoughts of bliss within me rise
That smile upon my dreams.

When shines the sun and skies look gay,
Or drops the winter rain,
When clouds obscure the summer day
I think of her again ;
Dost think of him who, since we met,
Has *always* thought of you ?
'Twere madness to believe it, yet,
'Twere *blissful* madness too !

Now war's alarums wring the air
And valor smiles on death ;
And youths to myrtle blossoms fair
Prefer the laurel wreath,
But when sweet Peace from heaven above
Brings back the olive branch,
Oh ! let me hope the soldier's love
Will move the heart of Blanche !

CONQUERED,

Like the bird who sings at midnight

I am lone,

And the burden of my song's flight

Is a groan !

Like the flames that sparkless languish

Burns my soul,

Round my heart the waves of anguish

Sullen roll.

For I once believed and now

I despair—

For my hopes are lying low,

Stark and bare !

For I fought the glorious battle,

Freedom's fight,

Hearing through its smoke and rattle

Words of light ;

And the right was crushed and broken

At my feet,

And the words of light a token

Of deceit !

Oh ! we lead a life of sorrow

And of lies !

Who can say : I see to-morrow

In the skies ?

Who can say my love is certain,
Or my hate?

Who can lift the heavy curtain
Of his fate?

Who can say who tastes of bliss,
'Tis forever?

Where's the pair when spent the kiss
Did not sever?

Where's the day that was not swallowed
Up by night?

Where the faith that issued hallowed
From the fight?

Yes, I've seen my comrades bleeding
Like a rain,
With their crimson gashes pleading
All in vain!

I have seen the flag deserted
In its need,

While the foe's exultant flirted
In its stead;

And I've seen the shameless traitors,
False and hollow,

Fawning on their country's haters
For a dollar!

Seen the freedom that I cherish
Bound with ropes,

And I could not even perish
With my hopes!

ERRATA.

- Page 60, last stanza, second line,
And moves the hostile *host*.
- Page 63, first stanza, fifth line,
Then why should man despise *thy* equal form?
- Page 71, first stanza, fourth line,
'Neath honor's *glances*.
- Page 75, A Soldier—Name unknown,
Lines suggested by the *above* inscription, etc.
- Page 76, third stanza, first line,
No fears *disturb* your tranquil mind.
- Page 70, third stanza, second line,
We who part with many tears.
- Page 80, last stanza, third line,
To my *lone* despairing spirit.



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